

A New BALLAD from WHIGG-LAND.

7. April. 1682.

To the Tune of, *Heigh Boys up go We.*

B Rave *Monmouth's* out of Favour now,
The Lord knows what's the Cause;
I think, no one can justly say,
He has transgressed the Laws:
But yet the **TORIES** cry him down,
Old *Tony* and Young *Gray*;
By this in time they'll gain Renown,
But the clean contrary way.

Stout *Monmouth* fought *Rebellious Scott*,
And brought them on their Knees,
He made the stubborn Necks to stoop
Of Men of all Degrees;
But *Boswell-Bridge* is now forgot,
And *Mastricht's* Storm they say,
And his Honor 's like to go to th' Pot,
But the clean contrary way.

He kept the **PAPISTS** all in Awe,
Though now they strut like **JAYES**;
They value neither Him nor Law,
I speak it to their Praise;
But yet I hope the time will come,
By Night or else by Day,
When all his Foes shall gain their Ends,
But the clean contrary way.

ABHORRERS are the Blades of Fame,
The Glory of the Land,
They hate his Actions and his Name,
And at defiance stand;
They trample on his Noble Acts,
And truly well they may,
For they are Mounting up we find,
But the clean contrary way.

The *Papists* now do gain their End,
Whilst *Monmouth* is run down,
They seek to get their *Papish* Friend,
Possess o' th' *English CROWN*:
But let them **PLOT** a thousand times,
Their **PLOTS** will fail, He lay;
I hope indeed they'll Mount the Throne,
But the clean contrary way.

Where will **ABHORRERS** hide themselves
When th' *Parliament* draws near?
L'Estrange, and **THEY**, and *Thompson* too;
Will Hide themselves I fear,
They'll fly like Chaff before the Wind
For all their fine Array,
They all will be prefer'd you'll find,
But the clean contrary way.

Brave *Monmouth* now is laid aside,
As useless to the **KING**;
But yet it must not be denied,
He made the Nation Ring;
He was the Glory of this Land,
Next to the King, I say,
But now it seems he has Command,
The clean contrary way.

Bad times will hardly mend I doubt,
If **PAPISTS** come in Pow'r;
The **POPE** will have another bout
Our Nation to devour;
And we may sink beneath his Yolk,
And all become his Prey,
We may well look to Rise by Him,
But the clean contrary way.

But **GOD** Preserve our **KING** so long,
Till we secure our Peace;
Then we may Sing a Thankful Song,
When all our Discords cease;
But whilst the *Papists* soar aloft
How can we Sing or Play?
Ah! lass our Comforts come to us,
But the clean contrary way.

Should *Monmouth* fall Our Hopes would fail
Of Comfort and of Aid,
The **PAPISTS** think they might prevail
In their Old **PLOTTING Trade**;
But let him Live to Vex them still
And lodge them all in Clay,
And let them find their Glory Rise,
The clean contrary way.

The *Quakers* now are Cramm'd in Goals,
Because they will not Swear,
The *Presbyter* and *Baptists* too,
And *Independants* here,
Because they will not go to Church
With *Common-Prayer* to Pray,
It seems the Law must make them Rich
The clean contrary way.

Ten Thousand *Protestants* we find
Are **WHIGGS** esteem'd now,
And all because they do not Mind
At **ALTARS** for to Bow,
If *Papists* Mount, then they must Fall
For all they look so Gay,
And they must Rise both Great and Small
The clean contrary way.

But Heavens Protect our Sacred King,
And send a **PARLIAMENT**,
And then true Protestants may Sing
And have their full Content;
The **TORY Tribe** will then be known
And for their Roguery pay,
And the **POPE** shall once more gain his Own
The clean contrary way.

No Doubt the *Papish* Tribe will say,
A **WHIGG** did make this Song,
By all that's good, I go to Church,
They do my *Muses* wrong,
But he's an *Ast*, will go to Mass
To hear the *Affes* Bray,
And he to Heaven in time will pass,
The clean contrary way.